

"Gallant of the dark eye-brows, casting
your eyes on
the crow, with the mango in the house,
why are you
gazing at the jambolan?" The same old
woman or
another like her condemns unequal
marriage roundly.
Like mixing *dhall* in mud is giving a young
girl to an
old man. Shameless are the parents that
do this.
Love of nature and of other life comes out in
the follow-
ing pieces:

"The millet is ripening white in the field that
lies in the
valley. Eat without noise, O parrot; and, my
brother, the
stone will come, go aside."

"One tree is beautiful among all trees—the
mango tree.

Beautiful among birds is the parrot,
and among stars
in the sky, the moon is most beautiful."

The first piece has possibly also a
suggestion of secret
love. This is a piece with which the
grinding closes;

"Our grain is finished but not our song. We
do not want

your mill-stone any longer, mother. It
wears the rings
on our ringers."

The quiet humour of the complaint about
the mill-stone
is worth noting.

VII

Humour is indeed a characteristic of a
large part
of these songs that are current among the
people. Some
of this humorous verse in the Telugu
border of the
Karnatak is in Telugu. The Kannada people
in these
parts, however, understand the words. The
following
pieces are specimens of these verses:

Her house—it stands on the hill;
Her husband—he is blind;
"Come, my lover, we shall flee

Across the hill, nor let Mm see;
My lover come," she says.